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Stratford-on-Avon Church.



THE collegiate church of Stratford-upon-Avon is beautifully situated on the banks of the Avon, in a retired spot at the southern extremity of the town, and has an extensive cemetery surrounded by lofty elms, which give to the place an air of venerable grandeur. Leland conjectures that it was built on the site of the old monastic church, which is supposed to have existed from the time of Ethelred to Edward the confessor, a period of about four hundred years. The approach to it is under a vista of arched lime trees, which terminates at the north entrance into the nave, consisting of a handsome porch, but tressed and embattled. Above the door is a Gothic window (now covered with a tablet commemorating the name of the person at whose expense the walk under the avenue of trees was paved) which formerly lighted a small room over the porch, probably the muniment chamber, as may be inferred from similar apartments being found in collegiate churches, such as St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, where the unhappy youth, Chatterton, discovered the MSS. which formed the basis of his forgeries, the

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poems bearing the name of Rowley. The church, which is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was built at different periods, and is composed of a union of the Saxon and Norman Gothic, a style frequently used soon after the conquest. The tower and nave were perhaps built as early as the eleventh or twelfth century. It is built in the form of a cross and consists, like other collegiate structures, of a nave, two aisles, transept or cross aisle, chancel or choir, sacristy, and formerly a crypt or charnel house. The nave is a handsome structure raised on six hexagonal pillars, terminating in pointed arches, above which the sides are divided into twelve compartments, forming as many well-finished Gothic windows in tri-sections. The principal entrance into the nave is at the west end, under a Gothic receding arch or door-way; over which are three niches conjoined, evidently designed to contain three statues; the spires canopies carved and ornamented shoot into the noble west window, which is nearly the width of the nave, and is greatly admired for its beautiful workmanship. Under this window is placed

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the font, which is a large vase of blue marble. From the centre beam of the roof is suspended a handsome brass chandelier. The nave terminates at the east end, now filled up with a spacious loft and good organ, which was built about the middle of the last century, and to which Dr. Hough, bishop of Worcester, in which diocese the church stands, liberally subscribed. There were formerly two altars under the organ loft, one dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and the other to Sts. Peter and Paul.

The north aisle was probably built in the reign of Edward the First. At the east end of it was the chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; the altar appears to have had an ascent of three steps; the chapel is wholly taken up by the tombs and monuments of the Clopton family. In this chapel, at the east end of the north aisle and under a Gothic arch, is raised an altar tomb about four and a half feet from the pavement of carved free stone, with numerous panels, which were originally filled with brassen shields of arms, but which have been long since torn away; on the top is a marble slab without an inscription. It seems to have been intended as a cenotaph for Sir Hugh Clopton, as his arms with those of the City of London, (where he was Lord Mayor in the year 1492) and those of the Company of Woolstaplers (of which he was a member) are carved on the arch above it. Against the north wall is another tomb, on which are two recumbent figures in white marble, viz. Wm. Clopton, Esq. who is represented in armour, his head reclining on his helmet, his sword and gauntlets lying by his side, with a *couchant* lion at his feet; and his consort, Anne, motto, "*Vincit qui patitur.*" One of them died in 1592, and the other in 1596. Above this tomb are several small figures of their children. Against the east wall of this chapel is a magnificent monument erected to the memory of George Carew, earl of Totness, and baron of Clopton, and Joize his wife, whose effigies in alabaster, coloured to resemble life, lie under a large ornamented arch, which is supported by Corinthian columns, and adorned with figures of angels, various arms, warlike accoutrements, and insignia, carved in *bas relief*, being emblematical of his office as Master of the Ordnance. The earl is represented in armour, over which is his mantle of estate; there is a coronet on his head, and a lion *couchant* at his feet. He signalised himself in Spain in the time of Elizabeth, and in the Irish rebellion. He died in the year 1629. There is also a small monument

fixed to the same wall, on which is represented a woman kneeling at a desk. The monumental inscriptions, which are chiefly in Latin, are numerous. The south aisle is a well-built structure, strengthened by buttresses, terminating in foliated pinnacles; it was built by John de Stratford, in the beginning of the fourth century, when he was bishop of Winchester, and at the east end he founded his chapel, which he dedicated to Thomas à Becket. The ascent to the altar is now remaining, and in the south wall are three empty niches, spirally canopied and ornamented with perforated carved work.

The transept is separated from the nave by folding doors; and, according to Dugdale, was built about the close of the fifteenth century.

The chancel or choir, which is undoubtedly the most beautiful part of the whole fabric, was re-built in the 15th century by Dr. Balshall who was warden of the college (of which hereafter) in the year 1465, and is separated from the transept by a wooden skreen. On each side are five uniform windows, originally adorned with painted glass, the remains of which are put together in the centre of the east window. At the end are two niches beautifully finished with a variety of ornaments in the style of the fifteenth century, called the Florid Gothic. There are also three other niches in the south wall, opposite the altar, and are generally supposed to have been used as seats by the deacon and assisting priests. On each side of the chancel is a range of stalls, originally belonging to the ancient choir, and remarkable for the manner in which the lower part of each seat is carved, being wrought into a great variety of grotesque figures, some of which are capable of a religious or moral explanation. Under the north wall is an altar tomb of alabaster, representing some of the most remarkable passages in the New Testament, on the top of which is a slab, originally embellished with a figure in brass, and an inscription; it was erected to the memory of dean Balshall, warden of the college and founder of the choir, who died A. D. 1491. At the east end is the monument of John Combe, Esq. on whom Shakespeare wrote the following satirical epitaph:—

"Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd;
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a-Combe."

Be ~~for~~ however, remembered, that this epitaph is not inscribed on Combe's monument. His effigy, habited in a long

gown, with a book in his hand, lies at full length under an ornamented arch, which is supported by Corinthian columns, and adorned with cherubim, &c. But the most celebrated monument is against the north wall, elevated about five feet from the floor, and erected above the tomb which contains the bones of the immortal Shakspeare, who is represented in the attitude of inspiration, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll. This bust is fixed under an arch between two Corinthian columns of black marble, with gilded bases and capitals, supporting the entablature; above which, and surmounted by a Death's head, are carved his arms; on each side is a small figure in a sitting posture, one holding in his left hand a spade, and the other, whose eyes are closed, with an inverted torch in his left hand, the right resting upon a scull, as symbols of mortality. The bust was originally coloured to resemble life, conformably to the taste of the times in which the monument was erected; the eyes being of a light hazel, and the hair and beard of an auburn colour. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves; the lower part of the cushion before him was of a crimson colour, and the upper part green with gilt tassels, &c. The face, which is of a cheerful cast, bears very little resemblance to that at Westminster. Some, however, have observed a great similitude between this bust and the earliest print of the poet prefixed to the folio edition of his works, printed in 1623, which Ben Jonson, who was intimately acquainted with Shakspeare, asserted, in his verses under it, to have been a great likeness. It is not exactly known at what time the monument was erected, but it is evident from some verses, which were written by a contemporary of Shakspeare, that it was erected before the year 1623. It was repaired in 1748, and the original colours of the bust were as much as possible preserved; in 1793, however, the bust and figures above it, together with the effigies of Combe, were painted white at the request of Mr. Malone, in order to suit the present taste. The following inscription is under the bust:—

JVDICIO FYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM,
ARTE MÆRONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MERET,
OLYMPVS HABET.
STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOU
BY SO FAST,
READ, IF THOV CANST, WHOM EN-
VIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST.

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WITHIN THIS MONVMENT, SHAK-
SPEARE, WITH WHOME
QVICK NATURE DIDE, WHOSE NAME
DOTH DECK YE. TOMBE.
FAR MORE THEN COST; SIEH ALL YT.
HE HATH WHITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE TO
SERVE HIS WITT.
OBIIT ANO. DOM. 1616. ETATIS 53.
DIE 23. AP.

Below the monument is the following curious inscription (said to have been written by himself) upon the stone covering his grave.

GOOD FREND FOR IESUS SAKE FOR-
BEARE
TO DIGGE THE DVST ENCLOSED
HEARE.
BLESE BE YE. MAN YT. SPARES
THESE STONES.
AND CVRST BE HE YT. MOVES MY
BONES.

It is generally thought that he was afraid of having his bones removed to the charnel-house. His wife is interred between his grave and the north wall. The inscription, engraved on a brass plate fixed to the stone, is as follows:—

HEERE LYETH INTERRED THE BODYE
OF ANNE, WIFE OF
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, WHO
DEPTED. THIS LIFE THE 6TH.
DAY OF AVGVST, 1623, BEING OF THE
AGE OF 67 YEARES.

VBERA, TV MATER, TV LAC VITAMQ.
DEDISTI,
VÆ MIHI; PRO TANTO MVNERE
SAXA DABO!
QVAM MALLEM, AMOVEAT LAPIDEM,
BONVS ANGEL' ORE
EXEAT VT CHRISTI CORPVS, IMAGO
TVÆ
SED NIL VOTA VALENT, VENIAS CITÒ
CHRISTE, RESURGET,
CLAVSA LICET TVNVLQ MATER, ET
ASTRA PETET.

EXPERIMENTING.

(For the Mirror.)

IN No. 219 of the MIRROR, will be found a short account of my ingenious friend, Thomas Twister, Esq.; a detail of some of his surprising theories; an epistle written by himself; and, lastly, an intimation, that should he favour me with another epistle, I would most probably promulge it. As I have been so favoured, promulgation seems necessary; and I shall, therefore, without further proemium, introduce his epistle the second.

J.

DEAR —,
Your letter took a very novel view of my theory. I staggered at the idea of mutual attraction, but—I did not despair; I still considered it but as a theory opposed to mine, the truth of which depended on the result of my experiments. A confidential and learned friend, to whom I unbosomed my hypothesis, smiled at the distant analogy upon which it rested. "So because the moon attracts the earth, you think it will attract your cranium? This is descending indeed from a great ball to a little one!" This taunt I disregarded; it passed by "as the idle wind, which I," &c. I reflected that analogies the most distant, that comparisons the most remote, were often all we could acquire. I remembered that such distant analogies had swayed the minds of the most learned, and had been the foundations of their belief. When I thought that Descartes, from observing that chaff floating in a tub of water yields passively to the undulations of the fluid, had reared a theory which was received by able philosophers, and not rejected without reluctance, I say, when I thought on this, I took courage—my anticipations brightened—I resolved to persevere. A tub of water—the orbits of the planets; my cranium—the globe, seemed equally connected, and equally adapted for a chain of argumentation.

But I must inform you of the fate of my recent theory, first craving your indulgence. When I despatched my last letter I was on the point of submitting to an experiment; but some clouds coming over, I was reluctantly obliged to postpone it. On the following night (after certain injunction) I entered my garden at ten o'clock. The moon shone most refulgent. I stood erect, and I felt collected. The church-clock struck eleven—twelve. No effect! One—two—three. No effect! "Well," thought I, "I had better retire; it seems there will be no development to-night." On applying a cloth to my bare head, I was surprised to find it excessively wet, and I concluded, that the quantity of aqueous particles in the air had neutralized the lunar attraction. The next two nights rain fell in abundance. The succeeding night was clear, and every way adapted to my project. I went to my former station, and stood some time in suspense; my spirits were highly excited. Success seemed certain, failure impossible; but I really thought the bump was rising very imperceptibly, very insensibly; nothing of attractancy or inturgescence could I feel. Suddenly my head was confused, and down I fell on my face to the earth; so,

prostrate did I lie no little time. When I arose, I found myself unable for further experimenting; I therefore hastened to the house, went to bed, and happily fell asleep. In the morning, when I awoke, I felt an unpleasant sensation at the posterior part of my head, and on placing my hand on the affected part, found a huge bump just where I wanted it to be; but it was tremblingly sensitive, tender to excess, the least touch caused pain—indeed, I conjectured that I had developed a new organ—an organ of sensual sensibility.

As I had injured my shoulder the preceding night, I sent for the doctor, who shortly arrived, (by the by, he found me bald-pated, for my new development prevented my wearing my scratch.) When he entered he started. "What a confusion!" cried he; "the occipital bone is surely injured; why, my dear sir, how you have bruised the back of your head."—"Me, sir! True, I had a fall last night, but I fell on my face; how could that hurt the back of my head?"—"Well, sir, you have hurt it, and seriously too; you shall see." He took a dressing-glass, and placing it before another looking-glass, invited me to look. On looking in the dressing-glass, I descried the reflection of the bump behind me; certainly it was a bruise; it displayed those variegated tints which such a thing assumes; but how could it be? I was obliged to inform the doctor of my theory and experiments, and he thereupon proposed to go into the garden and discover how a fall on the face could bruise the back of the head. "In your confusion," said the doctor, "you can't say what happened." We went; the place where I had stood was quite clear, indeed, I chose it so, that nothing might intervene of a terrene nature between Cynthia and my cranium.

At length, just by the spot where I fell, we found two hard crab apples, one or both of which, I doubt not, struck my head; doubtless, some sly knave, apprised of my experimenting, secreted himself, and while I was absorbed in reverie, cast those semi-stony substances at my naked, my defenceless head. But how was he so apprised? How should any one know of my intention? To tell the truth I really suspect the footman, Ned; he knew it, and perhaps divulged it, contrary to the solemn asseverations which I extorted from him. The rascal!

This sad accident prevented my experimenting for some days, as no bump could rise where there was one already. In the first moonshiny nights was I obliged to sit in inglorious ease, in reluctant indolence.

At length I again put my theory to the test, but after repeated, and repeated trials, I am a convert to your opinion, at least, I am convinced, that in my theory *something* all-important is omitted.

I must therefore own, reluctantly own, that I have failed. My theory beautiful in idea, has proved futile in practice: it has not failed through indolence or any regard for my own safety. The dews of night have fallen in chilling humidity on my exposed head; I have endured the rigor of the night-air, I have despised natural rest, and absorbed every selfish feeling in my scientific ardour. No act of self-denial have I not performed! No painful experiment have I left untried! I am therefore warranted to assert that my theory, though plausible, is groundless; and that I have added one more to that long, that interminable list of supporters, who have raised splendid theories, too fragile, or too disappointed to be reduced to practice.

Your affectionate, but dolorous friend,
THOS. TWISTER.

Retrospective Gleanings

THE SWORD-DANCERS.

A CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

(For the Mirror.)

In the counties of Durham and Northumberland, a custom prevails, which in its origin is supposed to be extremely remote. This ceremony is performed chiefly by pitmen, and at Christmas. Emerging from their subterranean employ, they form themselves into parties, each having a sword by his side, and decorated with all the varied coloured ribbons of his mistress, resort to the more populous towns, where, by their performance, in which they display numberless feats of activity, excite the liberality of the inhabitants. The fool and bessey are two of the most conspicuous characters in this motley group. 'Tis their's, by grimace, gesticulation, and vulgar witticisms, to provoke the risible faculties of their audience, and to collect, at the end of the entertainment, a reward for their exertions. They have with them a fiddler, who accompanies the song in unison with the voice, repeating at the end of each stanza the latter part of the air, forming an interlude between the verses; during which, the characters, as introduced by the singer, make their bow, and join the circle. When they are not able to effect an entrance, they exhibit at the front of the houses, which, in deference to their finery, abbreviates the perform-

ance. The writer having witnessed the observance of this custom, is enabled to vouch for its authenticity; and the song, which is a curiosity of its kind, is gleaned from "A Selection of Airs peculiar to the Counties of Durham and Northumberland."

F. R. Y.

THE first that I call in, is a squire's son,
He's like to lose his love, because he is too young.

Altho' he be too young he has money for to rove,
And he'll freely spend it all, before he'll lose his love.

The next that I call in, he is a sailor bold,
He came to poverty by the lending of his gold.

The next that I call in, he is a tailor fine,
What think you of his work, he made this coat of mine.

The next that I call in, he is a keelman grand,
He goes fore and aft, with his long sett in his hand

NOTE.—After other characters are introduced in a similar manner, the sword-dance takes place, in which one of them is killed, and they again sing:—

Alas! our actor's dead, and on the ground he's laid,
Some of us must suffer for't young men, am sore afraid.

I'm sure 'twas none of me, I am clear of the crime,
'Twas him that follows me, that drew his sword so fine.

I am sure 'twas none of me, I'm clear of the fact,
'Twas him that follows me, that did the bloody act.

Then cheer up my bonny lads, and be of courage bold,
We'll take him to the church, and bury him in the mould.

NOTE.—The doctor is introduced, and a dialogue of some length takes place, which terminates in his restoring the man to life, the ceremony concludes with the following verses, and a dance to the tune of "Kitty Bo Bo."

Cox-Green's a bonny place, where water washes clean,
And painshaw's on a hill, where we have merry been.

You've seen them all call'd in, you've seen them all go round,
Wait but a little while, some pastime shall be found.

Then fiddler change the tune, play us a merry jig,
Before I will be beat, I'll pawn both hat and wig.

SPIDERS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Whenever inclination prompts us to examine, even slightly, the works of creation, we instantly discover objects of the most surprising nature; not only an allusion to their diminutive size, and the invisible myriads that exist before us, but also as regards their wonderful skill and exquisite performances. Indeed the works of many insects have puzzled our greatest naturalists. These rather concealed facts and wonders of creation, (which the more we search the more they enlarge upon us) cannot be better noticed than by an inspection of the nature and power of the common spider.

It is impossible to observe the common spider's web without surprise and admiration;* the exact and regular succession of the circles of which it is formed, seems a masterpiece for all other insects. The spider most expert in this art is the one so prevalent at the season which has quite left us, the garden spider, or, as it is sometimes styled, the geometrical spider (*Aranea reticulata*.) It was a subject of doubt for many years amongst naturalists how this spider extended her gossamer (lines) to such distances, as they are seen to reach several yards, where not the least connexion exists, when it is known that they are unable to fly. A Mr. Knight was the first English entomologist who made an experiment for the purpose of deciding this question. He says, if the spider be placed upon an upright stick, having its bottom immersed in water, it will, after trying in vain, all other modes of escape, dart out numerous fine threads, so light as to float in the air, some of which attaching itself to a neighbouring object, furnishes a bridge for escape.

The Journal de Physique, translated in the *Philosophical Magazine*, furnishes another means; a writer there asserts that he saw a small spider, which he had forced to suspend itself by its thread from the point of a feather, shoot out obliquely in opposite directions small threads which attach themselves (in the still air of a room, without any influence of the wind) to the object towards which they were directed. He therefore infers that spiders have the power of shooting out threads, and directing them at pleasure to a determined point, judging the distance and position of the object by some means of which we are ignorant.

The thread which we see in their con-

* Lately I witnessed a web very near my own garden, which, in circumference, measured nearly two yards.

centric circles, and imagine to be a single line, is a rope composed of at least four thousand strands.

There are some spiders exceedingly small, and so amazingly fine are their threads that four millions of them would not exceed in thickness one of the hairs of our heads.

In the early part of last century, a person at Langard fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful grey colour. Buffon says it takes 663,552 spiders to produce a pound of the substance called gossamer.

In America, as in England, there are various sorts of spiders, but they are all more or less of a more poisonous nature than those of this country. Indeed so much so that their bite has been fatal.

A Mr. Thomas Nelson, of New York, was bit by one of them on his fore-finger, which at first ached, then swelled, and in less than twelve hours from the time of the bite, he expired. Another resident was seized with a delirium, an emetic was administered, a large spider (which he had swallowed while drinking some water in the dark) was vomited, and his senses were soon restored.

Monsieur D'Isjonval in alluding to spiders, throws out a useful hint; he asserts that this insect is an accurate barometer; if the weather be about to be wet and stormy, the main threads of the snare will be short; but if fine weather be about to take place, these threads will be invariably very long. A. B. C.

HOWEL'S (OR HYWEL) SONG.

Written by Mrs. Hemans for Parry's
Welsh Melodias.

HOWEL AB EINIION LLYGLIW was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.

PURSE on, my steed! I hear the swell
Of Valle Crucis' vesper bell,
Sweet floating from the holy dell
O'er woods and waters round.
Perchance the maid, I love, e'en now,
From Dinas Brân's majestic brow,
Looks o'er the fairy world below,
And listens to the sound!

I feel her presence on the scene!
The summer air is more serene,
The deep woods wave in richer green,
The wave more gently flows!

Oh! fair as ocean's curling foam
Lo! with the balmy hour I come,
The hour that brings the wanderer home,
The weary to repose.

Haste! on each mountain's darkening crest,
The glow bath died, the shadows rest,
The twilight-star, on Deva's* breast—
Gleams tremulously bright.
Speed for *Myfanwy's* bower on high!
Tho' scorn may wound me from her eye,
Oh! better by the sun to die,
Than live in rayless night!

* The river Dee, which meanders through the vale of Liangollen.

The Novelist.

No. XCIV.

PAUL JONES.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[Christmas, with its pleasantries, jovialities, festivities, and smiles, is come; and now the young and the old, the fearful and the stout-hearted, the loving and loved, circle round the blazing hearth, listening to tales of wonder by "flood and field," merrily laughing away the old year, and happily awaiting the new one. In order to add to the amusement of our readers and friends at all seasons, we, for a moment, call their attention to a romance, rich in legendary lore, and interspersed with the most soul-stirring ballads. We allude to "Paul Jones;" and when we name its author—Allan Cunningham—the work needs no recommendation of ours to add to its fame. It is a production of fact and fiction—and every page glows with vivid narrative and striking incident. Let the following extract be read to an assembled circle of Christmas tale-lovers, and we opine they will pledge us for the amusement we have afforded them in a cup of the best old Christmas.—ED.]

THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

DARKNESS has often been a glad visitant to the weary and the wounded, and a welcome arbiter in many a deadly quarrel, from which neither side could of his own accord retire with honour. But here it came uninvited and unwished-for. The hope of victory alike animated Paul and Pearson; they had no wish but to fight it out; and no dread, save the fear of each other's escape. Though they were compelled by the cloud of night to suspend their hostility, they moved but a little way apart, and lay to with the eager hope that the moon would dispel the

darkness, and afford them light to conquer.

Light at last came, and the first gush of the moon's radiance along the dimpling waters was welcomed on both sides with a shout—by a reciprocal broadside—by a discharge of musketry from deck and shrouds, and by the eager endeavours of Paul and Pearson to join in closer and deadlier encounter. The ships approached nearer and nearer, and Pearson felt that he had skill and courage opposed to him such as he had never encountered on the deep before. The exact discipline and long experience of the English, their familiarity with maritime warfare, and with the whole internal and external management of a ship, gave them an advantage over men less inured and less famed. Their ship moved obedient to the human will, as a horse obeys his rider; she seemed a living thing, and submitted, like a being endued with sense, to the control of her keepers. Paul knew his deficiency, and that his crew, composed of people of two distinct nations, could not work heart and hand like his adversaries. It was the practice, too, of the navies of France and Holland to aim their broadsides against decks and rigging, to ensure their own escape, or to leave their opponents helpless; and in this practice his own crew had been trained. Availing himself, therefore, of the skill of his gunners, and the still more deadly accuracy of his wild-wood marksmen, the decks of the *Serapis* were soon swimming in blood, and her rigging was torn to shreds. For his sails Pearson cared little; his men exchanged a straggling and ineffectual fire with the American musketry, while his broadsides, heavy and incessant, invaded the *Bon Homme* in her more mortal parts, mangled her masts, sides, and gave admission to the water, which was soon heard to sing and bubble through the numerous shot-holes and the starting seams.

The bowsprit of the *Serapis* lay partly over the American poop. The action of the wind forced the stern of the former on the bow of the latter, the yards got entangled, and the cannon touched. Thus they lay, presenting one level deck, and so fast locked together, that when the night-wind touched their sails, they moved as if they had both sprung from one keel. The *Serapis* held up her enemy, and held her up for her own destruction; it was in vain that Pearson laboured to free himself from this deadly encumbrance—the fruit of his skill was now lost; for the ship, while thus sustained, could not sink; he had in a manner to begin his warfare anew, and direct his attacks against

a less vulnerable part. Six of his bravest men, who sought to disentangle the rigging, were dropped on the deck by the American riflemen; and, after a brief and bloody struggle to free themselves, the English desisted, and resolved to make the most of their situation; their fire, which had slackened, was renewed as fierce and fast as ever.

Paul was sensible that his ship, from the incessant broadsides of her adversary, was in a dangerous state. The situation in which she was fortunately placed, while it delayed her fate for a time, afforded him an opportunity of making use of the valour of his men, and he now contemplated boarding as his only chance of salvation. The valour and the prudence of Pearson made this a matter of uncertainty and danger. Though his masts were maimed, though the *Vengeance* had paid him a second visit, and now threatened a third, and though his crew were diminished to one-half of their original number, his confidence was unshaken, and, prepared alike for the wiles as well as the open force of war, he met, and foiled for a time all attempts to board him. Against the marksmen of Paul he let loose the whole fury of his upper guns; and, during this hurricane of iron shot, twenty of the best marksmen of the *Bon Homme* were slain or sorely wounded, ten of her guns dismounted, and their defenders stretched beside them.

Macgubb gazed on this carnage, and, touching Paul's arm, said, "See! there's two ways to win out of this evil plight. We maun either board, and make pike, pistol, and carabine do for us what his cannon are doing for Pearson, or we maun get hold of that goose the *Vengeance*, throw ourselves on board, and renew the fight. There's a third way, but I never advise sinking while there's hope to swoom; it's only to fight this wounded ship to her last gasp, and gae down with our hats in our hands. I have been below, Paul, lad, and I guess, as Lieutenant Lucas says,—by the by, I saw Lucas, as pale as a ghost, and shaking like a leaf of the linn,—I guess the sea will give us a gude half-hour to make up our mind. It's coming bubbling and belling in through the ship's side, souging away like the Troughs of Tongland. I can hear the damned hissing of it here. What say ye?—a bloody jacket's better than a wet one,—it's all one to Rob Macgubb."

While this passed, Paul had silently taken his resolution—he summoned his men suddenly to his side—drew his cutlass, which till now he had kept in its sheath, and, availing himself of the mo-

mentary alarm which a new visit from the *Vengeance* occasioned, he darted on board the *Serapis*, at the head of fifty picked men, making good his footing in spite of showers of shot, and all the opposition which pike, carabine, and pistol, in dauntless hands, could offer. Through three mariners' bosoms Paul plunged his sword, and, stretching out his left hand to the English flag, and waving his bloody weapon, cried, "Down with it! down with it!" To save their banner from this humiliation, there were men found who willingly gave their bodies to destruction—man after man died before it; and Pearson, though weary and wounded, hastened forward in its defence, with many a gallant hand with him. Yet so furious, so compact, and so determined was the attack, that the colours would have sunk, had not Paul been suddenly assailed by an unlooked-for enemy, as fierce, as brave, and as implacable as himself.

On Pearson, who fought with a courage worthy of his station, Paul had precipitated himself; when, thrusting two men through, and dashing another down with a hand too impatient to strike, Lord Dalveen sprung over the bodies of the dead and dying, and, with his sword reeking from point to hilt, and his eyes streaming with a savage light, he confronted Paul at once. Paul gazed on this unexpected assailant—he stepped half a pace back—his colour changed—his mother—his dream—his suspicions and the country's belief rose all upon him; and waving Dalveen away, he said, "I war not with you, Thomas—retire, and leave me to my course." But Dalveen, exasperated with the difficulties which had detained him from reaching the ship sooner, and stung to fury with the opposition which met him as he ascended the ship's side, and deprived him of some of his bravest followers, rushed on his adversary without reply, and made a blow and then a thrust, which were eluded with difficulty. Macgubb, muttering, "O! saints above and saints below!" snatched a pistol from his belt—his finger touched the fatal trigger—the muzzle was within a foot of the young nobleman's temple, when Paul struck it down, exclaiming, "Touch him not!" The Galwegian turned his weapon against Halliday—the balls grazed the cheek of the intrepid borderer, and one of his comrades dropped behind him. The strife was renewed—men fell thick—the decks reeked with blood—the smoke rolled over-head, and the ships rung and rocked from side to side with the volleying cannon. The contest would have been decided now, had not one of those accidents which sometimes interpose between genius

and success happened. The young French volunteer had fought with the foremost, and, though slight made and unwarlike in his looks, no one bore a sword whose thrust had been more deadly; and by his uncommon agility, as well as his science, he had hitherto escaped without a wound. He had opposed himself to Halliday, and a deep wound in the side admonished the youth in vain to fight with more caution. As he made another attempt, his foot slipped; but he lay not at the mercy of his enemy, for at that moment a French sailor, from the shrouds of the *Bon Homme*, threw a hand-grenade, which, striking the blade of the borderer's sword, flashed on the deck, and kindling some eighteen-pound cartridges which lay strewn around, the explosion struck down a dozen of the combatants, and for a minute's space dismayed the rest.

This accident depriving Paul of the aid of several gallant men, he resolved to make his way back to his own ship; all opposition failed before him—he gained the deck, and recommenced a destructive fire on the *Serapis*, cutting down her defenders by means of his musketry, and assailing her masts with his double-headed shot. But in his turn he was doomed to experience a well-aimed and fatal fire from the marksmen, led by Dalveen and Halliday, while his ship's mangled side was visited by another storm of eighteen-pounders. Nor was this all, the same movement was directed against himself which he had lately made against the *Serapis*; and a boarding-party, among whom Dalveen, Halliday, and Pearson were conspicuous, threw themselves so suddenly on deck, as if they had been discharged from an engine. It was now for Paul to do or die—his men flocked to his side firm and devoted—the Galwegian stretched his sword before him, while Garnott, inspired by the cool and intrepid countenance of his commander, stood firm, seconded by the young Frenchman, who, though wounded and bleeding, presented a sword, the thrust of which was still deadly. The attack, when led by such a fiery spirit as Dalveen, was fierce, and the contest rung from stem to stern of the ship; few who fell were allowed to rise again; while over the head of the combatants the unrelenting volleys of musketry from the shrouds kept fire and smoke constantly flashing and rolling.

Lieutenant Lucas, ever foremost in the war of words, had been hitherto invisible to Paul, and had only appeared clothed in the livery of fear to the fierce Galwegian for a minute's space or so. It was alleged indeed afterwards, in his native land, that he was in a station of honour

and danger below; and the slaughter on board the *Serapis*, and her final surrender, were claimed as his work by a meek American, who inherited his property and his modesty. Whatever was his employment, Lucas suddenly emerged from below, neither bleeding from wounds nor smeared with the gunpowder tokens of battle, but whole and fresh, with his cutlass drawn, and his face white with apprehension. It is believed that the gurgling of the water through the opening seams and the shot-holes at last smote upon his ear like the music of a death-dirge, and, dreading a sudden visit to the fish of the sea, he braved the bloody tumult of the deck. Two men, one struck through the body by a boarding-pike, and another pierced through the brain by a ball, dropped at the same instant at his feet, and sprinkled him with blood. He uttered a faint exclamation of horror, and, rushing forward, saw with alarm that the ship's decks were possessed by the enemy. When he saw the faces of Pearson, Dalveen, and Halliday, smeared with powder and blood, and cutlasses striking, pikes pushing, and guns and pistols flashing, his heart died within him, and he hastened to his country's colours, and struck them in the place where they had been fastened by the hand of his commander.

A shout from the English announced to Paul this dastardly deed. A pistol was in his hand—it was cocked—his finger was on the trigger, and the missile was within arm's-length of its victim—a blithe native of Corriewater—when he saw his colours sink. The hand of Lucas was just forsaking the staff, and he was opening his lips to proclaim what he had done, when he reeled where he stood—dropped heavily down—blood spouted from his nostrils—and, with hands and feet, he bent the deck for a minute's space, and died. The colours were in a moment raised, and Paul, hurling his empty pistol in the face of one of Dalveen's marksmen, struck his cutlass through him, and, calling on his men, charged the assailants with a fury and earnestness they had not experienced before.

Paul, though many of his men were slain, more wounded, and though most of his guns were disabled and his ship sinking, seemed alone cheered by hope and placed above despair. His small arms still poured a close fire upon the decks or the *Serapis*; his cannon, though few, were well served and well aimed, and, whilst the Vengeance made her periodical appearance a-head, and opened her straggling fire, a lucky shot, directed by the hand of Paul himself, struck the main-mast of the *Serapis*. The wounded mast

stood upright for a moment, then it tottered, and, snapping suddenly in two, the lofty ruin with all its sails descended, making the waters flash, and precipitating ten of the seamen into the sea. The English, their ship maimed and unmanageable, half their number slain and wounded, their decks running with blood, and an enemy on each side, heard with dismay the dash of the main-mast in the water; and Paul, in this moment of consternation, throwing himself upon their decks with many of his bravest men, the colours of England were lowered, and Pearson yielded up his sword to the victor.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A VISIT TO BRIGHTON.

MY respected maiden aunt recommended sea air, and mentioned Brighton as convenient. I went to the Elephant and Castle, determined to get into the first stage that appeared. "Brighton, hi! Going to Brighton?—room outside!" My fate was decided; I mounted—the coachman already sat whip in hand—and in an instant the four horses and four wheels bore along us seventeen human beings, who slung like flies to various parts of the vehicle, on our road to Brighton.

The place of our destination was terra incognita to me. I had heard that it was ugly. I thought of azure Leman, of romantic Como, and the divine bay of Naples. I thought of our native Windsor; the luxuriant banks of the Thames; of rich and flowery Devon; and repeated to myself—Of course, barren and ugly! It is not to be compared to these. Lovers of nature! Enthusiasts, who delight to drink deep joy from the various shapes and changes of earth and sky, behold me at Brighton! Was this the retreat of our pleasure-loving prince? the asylum of fashion? the resort of nobles?—this!

Far spread out, on three sides, is the barren expanse of the white monotonous sea: a rounded promontory, composed of low chalk cliffs, is the site of the town. The boundary of upland that surrounds it, is destitute of plant, shrub, and, I may almost say, of blade of grass; the glare of chalk is pernicious to the eyes, and the rounded tops of the low hills preclude every approach to the picturesque. Surely nature has here grown old? or some sudden blight has caused every vestige of youthful beauty to disappear!

Her hair is grey—but not with years—

Nor grew it white

In a single night,

As some have done through sudden fears.

Bride of the sea! your potent husband has thrown his fierce arms around you, and you have withered in his grasp! Is this the country? And am I thus to be cheated of my enjoyment of grove, field, and stream? In common humanity and justice I will print my disappointment, to warn all others by my luckless example.

My first walk, as in duty bound, on arriving at the sea side, was on the beach,—if I may call stumbling over shingles, walking. Sands there are none,—or, if the extreme of low-water leaves any, they are too wet for a pedestrian. I rode over the windy downs, and saw, far spread around, the living image of my despair—grassless earth. I thought it were an easy morning's work to write a catalogue raisonnée of the "Beauties of Brighton." Let me take a large sheet of paper, and "verdure" will stand at the top, like the Widow Wadman's humanity.

But there is a park at Brighton. I was not aware of this, and was surprised at seeing a notice written up in one of the streets—"To the Park." Where could it be?—I looked from the Downs upon the whole extent of negative nature, and had discovered no enclosure that looked as if it might be a park. Surely, the visitors from happier lands to this worn shred of England's grass-green vesture, might have informed the inhabitants of Brighton, of the nature of a park. Was it hid, like the Happy Valley of Abyssinia, by the surrounding hills? Was it, like the fairy Pari Banou's palace, under ground? or had they with buoy and boat, railed in some acres of sea, stuck up piles for trees, and peopled it with flying-fish for game? No conjecture was too extravagant which could afford solution to the enigma of a park at Brighton; but as experiment in this case was of more worth than any theory, I walked up Egremont-place towards the mysterious Park.

An arched entrance! It was not Trajan's "Hyperion to a Satyr:"—wooden gates—two-pence to pay on going in. I have passed the Rubicon, and stand within the Park. An hollow in the hills, overlooked by their bald tops, is railed in, and some drab-coloured grass clothes the slopes. There are some beds, not of mould, but pulverized chalk, from which with sickly mien a few stalks lift themselves, bearing what in more gifted lands would have been a flower—twigs, meant for trees, stand about: as for a real tree, an inhabitant of Brighton is as ignorant of its shape and material, as a Venetian

of that of a horse. If plants had a voice, and leaves were tongues, one universal lament would arise from every stunted shrub and consumptive flower, asking fate for what antenatal sin they were condemned to demi-semi vegetation in this withered effigy of a park.

There is a perfection in the ugliness of Brighton, which in some degree satisfies the imagination. Other places may make believe to be pretty; but the bald hagnymph, whose face this desert mirrors, disdains the aid of false curls or paint. One of the few rides is to Kemp Town. Kemp Town was built when Brighton was in higher vogue than now; it is hardly more than half a mile off, and forms as it were the continuation of the Marine Parade. The way towards it is flagged; the houses which compose it are all handsomely built; one now is erected on the plan of Cornwall Terrace, in the Regent's Park. There is a large square, that is, a Brighton square, which is always oblong: architectural ornaments are not spared; pillars and pilasters, portico, cornice, and frieze; worked iron rails: all that can give an air of elegance to a town is there—but not a single inhabitant. The window frames are glassless; grass would spring up rank in the streets, if grass grew any where in the neighbourhood of Brighton; neither man nor dog is to be seen, or any sound heard, save the melancholy roar of the near ocean. Meanwhile the houses sparkle in all the freshness of youth. So far was the mania of speculation carried, that over one gate, innocent of a guest, is inscribed "Tea Gardens;" over another, from whose chimneys smoke never issued, "Hot Baths." At the extremity of the town is the "Family Hotel;" while in mockery of the solitude around, every gate was open to afford easy ingress to the traveller; nay, the ready waiter stood at the door—the only inhabitant he of the whole place—and the lamp suspended in the hall was a light, for I had rode thither in the evening, and the gathering twilight added to the desolation. Was he waiting for the advent of some shipwrecked sailor, whom it was written in the book of fate, should, before the end of time, be cast on shore on the near inhospitable beach? Or is that the retreat of the "Last Man?" My imagination took the alarm: I galloped away from this mask of civilized life, while for some minutes numberless images of death haunted me—and I re-entered Brighton, unable for a time to subdue the nervous illusion that gave to its inhabitants the resemblance of inane apparitions.

To get rid of such fancies, I hastened to the thick of life, and mixed with the crowd on the parades. I entered Tuppen's well filled rooms. The libraries of Brighton, thought I, are surely the perfection of libraries. A few benches are set round the room, and there is a table in the midst—a man stands at each end, vociferating—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—seven gone—the chances are one, two, &c.—the chances which remain are one, two, &c.—five gone,—the remaining chances are one, four, six, eight—one, four, six, eight,—the chances which remain are one—four—six—eight; one, four—four gone—the chances remaining are one, six, eight—when these numbers are filled up, ladies and gentlemen, the next song will be sung." As the accompaniment to the changes sung on this variety of information, Mathews's ghost of a tune is nothing to it—thrum, thrum; a man sits at a piano, executing such a chance-medley of crotchets and quavers, as might awaken to fit accord all the marrow-bones and cleavers in Brighton. The noisy rattling of the keys, and eternal repetition of the tuneless tune, drove me away before the next song was sung. I am glad of it. I should be sorry to play the ill-natured critic on individuals; but ears that can sustain the Habel from which I escaped, half deaf, cannot be very delicate in their perceptions of time, tune, or voice.

—A rainy day at Brighton. I look from my window on the New Road, and save the pavement at my feet, I see only the vast waste of waters; to the right, to the left, before me—sea, sea, sea. A child said to me one day, in the true spirit of Mathews's traveller, "People will so exaggerate." "What's the sea?" —Nothing but water!" So I repeated to myself, as I looked on its blank expanse and misty boundary. The sea is called immense, sublime—the best created image of space and eternity. I do not perceive the sensible type of these ideas in it. It is bounded narrowly by the horizon, and the uniformity of its surface is not more sublime than a Russian steppe. The sea of itself, without a rocky and picturesque coast, and without vessels to give it animation, is, I do not hesitate to declare, a very dull object. The coast of Brighton is not the former, and the rain has driven away every vessel. Add to which, every association with the sea is painful: it is a murderer, a remorseless destroyer; its soundless depths are the grave of many a beloved or revered form; its strangling waters have stolen life from the young, the wise, the

good. But as I write—lo! a change. The wind rises in the west—the unveiled sun pours forth its golden arrows; the flying clouds are tinged with their radiance; evening's single star glitters in the west, as the sun sets and darkness gathers round—the moon is high in the heavens, and black masses of cloud float over her, while she rains her beams fitfully upon the water—and now shows in dark relief, and now hides again the boats that welter on her surface. Moonlight is to the sea what colour is to the rainbow. The contrast of the silver light with the deep shadows, graces it with picturesque effects; and her palaces and cottages, the stately ship and light sailing-boat—wear on such occasions a veil of mystery which is truly sublime.

And now that I have dismissed for awhile the language of philippic, let me remember what also beside the moon-lit sea is deserving of praise at Brighton.

I do not dislike the Pavilion. When people dispraise it, they tell you what it is not; and think that sufficing censure, neglecting utterly to tell us what it is. It is neither Grecian nor Gothic; it is neither uniform nor classic; but it is picturesque. Its chief defect is, that it is situated in Brighton. If a traveller in the East had chanced while he accomplished his evening's journey in the neighbourhood of Lucknow or Ispahan, to behold this groupe of domes, minarets, and other unnamed lantern-like spires, rising from the little grove that surrounds it, and sleeping placidly in the star-light, it would have received the praise due to its elegance and picturesque effect. The beauty of Brighton is indeed confined to its buildings. The numerous bow windows give a festive appearance to the streets; the porticos and virandas remind one of the south. There is one row of houses on the Marine Parade, whose highly ornamented viranda on the first floor is supported by fluted Tuscan columns beneath. This style of building is the prevailing mode at Brighton. Nor in speaking of edifices, may I omit the chain-pier: it is true, that its motion is apt to make one sea-sick, but it is an elegant little machine, a toy, seemingly not sea-worthy; yet its very fragility of look and bending nature constitutes its strength.

The most delightful things in Brighton are the little carriages called files. They are peculiarly convenient, since they are ever at hand to convey one from this seat of barrenness. I now invite my reader to mount one; and under my guidance, along the west cliff and the road to Worthing, to drive on, till on passing Shore-

ham Bridge, we turn to the right towards Arundel, where, in a short time, we shall arrive at so sweet a village—and in that village, at a latticed, flower-adorned cottage. We shall find woods, and hedges, and orchard grounds; the inland murmur of streams in exchange for naked hills and roaring ocean. Here at Sump-ton, this best specimen of an English village, I console myself for my disappointment at Brighton; and warn all future travellers to avoid the rock on which I was wrecked.

London Magazine.

The Selector

on,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

A VISION OF LUCIFER.

ON my return from my first voyage, I had no inclination to live ashore, for I had quarrelled with every body in London, and near it, and I gladly accepted an offer made me by the captain of an East Indian free-trader, lying in the river, to sleep in his ship, and take charge of her. This, you know, is a practice with ship-owners when in port; and the captain being proprietor of the *Marvel*, bid me live at his expense, although I would willingly have been content with the lodging. One reason for his liberality was, his wish to retain me as his watchman; for, from a story having got afloat that the *Marvel* was haunted, it would have been difficult to procure a trusty fellow to look after her; and even then he might run away, in case any rogue should personate a ghost to alarm him.

I was aware of the report gone abroad about the spirit of the mate, who hanged himself in a fit of phrensy, appearing to those who slept on board; but I was not in a humour to care about goblins, nor even Beelzebub himself; at least so I thought. I accordingly took possession of the ship, and established myself in the cabin, where I lived like a hermit, upon what I found in the store-room. I was, indeed, some such a recluse as the rat who retired into a hollow cheese, to avoid the temptations of the world, for I had wherewith, in a fluid as well as a solid shape, to content any lover of good things; but I should have been satisfied with a biscuit and a slice of bacon, had not these luxuries offered themselves to my hand.

For the first week of my residence in the *Marvel*, no signs of supernatural visitors were given, although I once or twice fancied I heard footsteps, or some-

thing like them, traversing betwixt decks; but then I was satisfied, that if any feet caused these sounds, they could not be the feet of ghosts, who walk not, but glide along without noise, and I always convinced myself that it was nothing real, by going towards the place wherever my fancy startled my ears. Besides, I always took such care to fasten down the hatches and the companion-door, that I was certain no one could get down below, without giving me sufficient notice of his intentions. The middle of the second week arrived, and found me laughing at the fears of others, and free from any of my own, when one night I was awakened by a strange sensation, as if of a cold hand laid upon my face; and as my consciousness increased, I was almost certain I felt it distinctly withdrawn. I fancied, too, that I heard a faint gliding sound rustle across the state-room, and die away beyond the bulk-head that formed the end of it, and I strained my eyes in that direction, through the intense darkness, to try if I could distinguish any object. My belief was that somebody had entered the ship, and laid his hand on my face, in search of plunder, not knowing that any one slept aboard; but on turning out and examining the door, I found it fastened on the inside, as I had left it; and on going out into the cabin, every thing was in its place, for I struck a light on purpose to be certain.

During the interval of a week, I was disturbed from my sleep three times in a similar manner, and always without further elucidation of the cause. Once I thought I heard a kind of tittering whisper uttered, as the cold hand was passed across my face, but I could distinguish no words, and I vainly endeavoured to grasp hold of any thing that might be near, by extending my arms round about my bed. I attempted to account for the annoyance, by supposing a mouse or a rat paid me a visit, for there were several holes by which they could enter, although there was nothing in the state-room to tempt their appetites. Still, there was something in the application of the touch, not like the patting of a rat's paws, for though the feet of those vermin are very cold, they are but small, and could not have conveyed the sensation of a broad heavy hand laid over my eyes, which was the feeling I experienced. Besides, I more than once perceived the withdrawing of the strange limb, and, from several little circumstances, I deduced that the whole arm was placed on my pillow, and suddenly snatched away. Without being superstitious, I naturally began to grow curious, as well as somewhat uneasy about

this nocturnal visitation, and I endeavoured to keep awake for two or three hours after retiring to bed, in hopes of gaining some clue to the mystery. I could not well doubt that it was something real, but I could ascribe no cause for its reality, and I was averse to suppose the hand of the suicide mate's ghost was pressed upon my face, especially as it was too heavy for a spirit to be lawfully possessed of. While I continued awake, I burned a light, which I extinguished when about to resign my senses to forgetfulness, for fear of accident; and I was never disturbed while I kept watch, although I maintained it long past the usual hour of the visit; but, as soon as I was asleep, which was immediately after I put out my candle, the cold chilly touch weighed for a moment on my eyelids, and glanced off when I awoke, followed by the same deadened rustling sound and the half-whispered titter.

At length, being resolved neither to give way to the insidious suggestions of superstition, which occasionally crept into my mind, nor to endure the repeated breaking of my rest, the only comfort I at that time enjoyed, I conceived several plans for the detection of the intruder, and the first I put in practice was this:—

In order to render myself watchful, I spent the whole of one afternoon in trying to sleep, and by means of darkening the cabin, I did sleep for several hours. At bed-time I placed a candle in a dark lantern, which I concealed by my bed-side, so that not one ray of light emanated from it; and I turned in, determined to lie awake all night. However, in spite of my resolution, I dropped into a dose a little before midnight, so strong is the force of habit, as well of the body as of the mind. I did not, however, sleep as soundly as if I had not reposed in the evening, and I was aroused by an indistinct sound, which came from some part of the ship, close to the cabin. Those who have sat up late, and slept in their chair, and awoke suddenly in the dead of the night, may have occasionally experienced a confused, depressed, half superstitious state of ideas, upon first breaking from their slumber, and finding themselves left in the dark by their expended lamp—cold, cheerless, and scarcely conscious of their exact situation. Such were my feelings upon being disturbed from my sleep, heightened by various attendant circumstances, such as the expected visit of a ghost, and the beating of the rising tide at the sides of the ship, which rocked and pitched slightly under the influence of a high wind. It was a cold November's night, and I had not yet

got warm in bed. I had refrained from taking my evening's glass of grog, that I might lie awake, and a thousand nameless uncomfortable feelings harassed me, without any specific distress, or pain, or assignable cause. In fact, to use a common phrase, I awoke in "the horrors," and the certainty of having heard an unaccountable sound near me did not dispel them. I resolved, however, neither to move nor to draw breath audibly, that I might run the better chance of entrapping the troublesome spirit, and indeed I felt a disposition to breathe short and lie still, which was very favourable to my purpose. In spite of one's reason, there is a tendency in the human mind to foster and encourage fancies of supernatural agency, and I perceived it in mine. I felt chilled throughout, and timid, though determined not to be so, and I was holding my teeth close, that they might not chatter, when suddenly the cold, damp, heavy touch of something like a naked arm was placed across my open eyes, which, upon my shrinking involuntarily, was as suddenly withdrawn. Summoning my courage, I shook off a tremor that seized my frame, and bolting upright in bed, laid hold of my dark lantern, and turned it so as to throw a blaze of light over the state-room; and you may judge of my terror when I beheld, not a ghost, nor a thief, but a tall, dark-coloured serpent standing nearly erect by my bed-side, with its eyes brightly gleaming from a head, frightful and appalling beyond description. Never in my life had I seen such a fearful object, for to the usual hideous and disgusting aspect of a snake, were added features peculiarly its own, and which almost led me to believe Satan himself was present before me, in the guise of this hateful reptile. The light of my lantern, increased in brightness by a polished steel reflector, fell in a glare upon the devilish apparition, and I discerned distinctly that its mouth was wide open, armed with large crooked fangs, and furnished with a long tongue, that vibrated menacingly beyond its jaws. Its head was rather small, but, on either side, its neck was swollen out to an immense size, inflated, as I imagined, with poison, which it was about to inject into my veins, when it should spring and seize hold of me; but what seemed more horrible than all its other deformities was, that in this bloated mass, which bolstered around its collar, were things which appeared like two wide eyes, in addition to the small ones in its head; and this sight almost convinced me that the monster could only be some diabolical spirit, for I knew that no animals but insects have more than a pair of

visual organs. In a state of mingled awe, doubt, and utter dismay, I remained holding my lantern, and staring at the dire countenance of the serpent, which all the while stood erect, weaving its body in the manner of a rope shaken at one end, while its tongue played around its lips, its eyes glittered, and its scales gleamed. I felt, or fancied that I felt, as if fascinated by its glance, and began to give myself up for lost; for I had heard of the power of fascination possessed by snakes, which deprives the victim of the energy to escape or defend itself. Besides, this creature, serpent, or devil, was not a small enemy of the kind, for it stood nearly four feet from the floor, which, as my bed was fixed down low, brought its head nearly level with my face; and my fear of moving, lest I should provoke it to dart upon me, held me in a state of stillness as complete as if I had been rivetted by the hateful influence of which I was so much afraid. Had it not been for an innate disbelief of the existence of goblins, I should probably have spoken to the dragon who kept me thus at bay, for it had all the characteristics of a demon, as far as the imagination could array an evil spirit in a visible form; but either scepticism or terror kept my tongue quiet, and, while neither of us seemed disposed to do otherwise than stare at each other, my candle, which was nearly burnt out, sunk into the socket, and the flame expired.

All my horrors before this moment were nothing to what seized me when I found myself exposed, in darkness, to the venomous fury of an unknown, though undoubtedly a dangerous serpent. A long hiss, which it uttered, and which I deemed preparatory to its springing at me, wound up my feelings to a pitch of desperation, and, having nothing else at hand, I dashed my dark lantern to the place where it had stood when the light was extinguished. Whether my missile struck the reptile or fiend I know not, but a horrible hissing filled the state-room, and a rattling and groping noise succeeded, and in a short time I heard my enemy behind the bulkhead, retreating swiftly, as its repeated sibilations indicated by their growing less audible.

Bathed in a cold sweat, and stiffened with fear as I was, I leaped out of bed as soon as I was assured that the devil was at some distance, and I ran stumbling upon deck as fast as I could, where I remained till day-light. I then called a boat and went ashore, to relate my adventure to the captain.

Captain Y—— heard my relation with great attention, and with a little indication of doubt, till it was nearly ended;

but when I came to describe the visage of the apparition, he fell into such a choking fit of laughter, that I fancied he would have expired in an agony of mirth. At length he became calmer, and, while he wiped tears of merriment from his eyes, he told me he believed my vision of Lucifer was nothing else than a large Cobra de Capello, which had belonged to the mate who killed himself aboard the ship. "The mate," added he, "was the last person who occupied the state-room, for, being disposed to be solitary, he volunteered to reside in the Marvel, as you have done. This serpent he bought of some jugglers in India, who used to exhibit several of the kind to the sailors, and it became his favourite pet, as he was always inclined to singularity of habits and likings. Its visits to you, I dare say, were only the continuance of a custom he had taught it of warming itself in his bed, when it was chilly; and had you received it kindly, instead of staring it out of countenance, you would have found it a very amusing companion."

"But," cried I, in astonishment, "the Cobra de Capello is a most poisonous serpent!"

"So it is," replied my friend; "but the Indian snake-charmers take out their fangs before they teach them to dance, and this had doubtlessly undergone that operation. What you took for rage and menace, was only one of the tricks of dancing it had been taught by its first masters, and it was exhibiting its accomplishments before you, to induce you to take it into bed, when you threw the lantern at it. I have seen it do the same thing twenty times by my poor mate's bedside, when it wanted him to let it creep between the blankets."

This explanation was sufficient, and I could have laughed as loudly as my companion at his own terrors, had not the horror with which the supposed diabolical serpent had inspired me still dwelt in my mind; even now, when I see a snake, I feel some slight renewal of my fears, though I smile to think of the delusion that occasioned them.—*Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.*

A FAIRY TALE.

On Hounslow heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,

A minikin abode;
And built, like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood;
The walls of white, the window shutters green;
Four wheels it had at North, south, east, and west,

(That now at rest.)

On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those whorltrade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,

And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnish'd, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r!

But tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them
one day!

And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Begin, to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks to reading;

But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seven's stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley, ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spent, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted, in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew
stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants
grim,—
If, talking trees and birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly waggons,
And magic fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flag-
gons;
When as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the
way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different
breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln levels
Of Durham feed!
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,
On neither side of Tweed,

good. But as I write—lo! a change. The wind rises in the west—the unveiled sun pours forth its golden arrows; the flying clouds are tinged with their radiance; evening's single star glitters in the west, as the sun sets and darkness gathers round—the moon is high in the heavens, and black masses of cloud float over her, while she rains her beams fitfully upon the waters—and now shows in dark relief, and now hides again the boats that welter on her surface. Moonlight is to the sea what colour is to the rainbow. The contrast of the silver light with the deep shadows, graces it with picturesque effects; and her palaces and cottages, the stately ship and light sailing-boat—wear on such occasions a veil of mystery which is truly sublime.

And now that I have dismissed for awhile the language of philippic, let me remember what also beside the moon-lit sea is deserving of praise at Brighton.

I do not dislike the Pavilion. When people dispraise it, they tell you what it is not; and think that sufficing censure, neglecting utterly to tell us what it is. It is neither Grecian nor Gothic; it is neither uniform nor classic; but it is picturesque. Its chief defect is, that it is situated in Brighton. If a traveller in the East had chanced while he accomplished his evening's journey in the neighbourhood of Lucknow or Ispahan, to behold this groupe of domes, minarets, and other unnamed lantern-like spires, rising from the little grove that surrounds it, and sleeping placidly in the star-light, it would have received the praise due to its elegance and picturesque effect. The beauty of Brighton is indeed confined to its buildings. The numerous bow windows give a festive appearance to the streets; the porticos and virandas remind one of the south. There is one row of houses on the Marine Parade, whose highly ornamented viranda on the first floor is supported by fluted Tuscan columns beneath. This style of building is the prevailing mode at Brighton. Nor in speaking of edifices, may I omit the chain-pier: it is true, that its motion is apt to make one sea-sick, but it is an elegant little machine, a toy, seemingly not sea-worthy; yet its very fragility of look and bending nature constitutes its strength.

The most delightful things in Brighton are the little carriages called flies. They are peculiarly convenient, since they are ever at hand to convey one from this seat of barrenness. I now invite my reader to mount one; and under my guidance, along the west cliff and the road to Worthing, to drive on, till on passing Shore-

ham Bridge, we turn to the right towards Arundel, where, in a short time, we shall arrive at so sweet a village—and in that village, at a latticed, flower-adorned cottage. We shall find woods, and hedges, and orchard grounds; the inland murmur of streams in exchange for naked hills and roaring ocean. Here at Sump-ton, this best specimen of an English village, I console myself for my disappointment at Brighton; and warn all future travellers to avoid the rock on which I was wrecked.

London Magazine.

The Selector

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

A VISION OF LUCIFER.

ON my return from my first voyage, I had no inclination to live ashore, for I had quarrelled with every body in London, and near it, and I gladly accepted an offer made me by the captain of an East Indian free-trader, lying in the river, to sleep in his ship, and take charge of her. This, you know, is a practice with ship-owners when in port; and the captain being proprietor of the *Marvel*, bid me live at his expense, although I would willingly have been content with the lodging. One reason for his liberality was, his wish to retain me as his watchman; for, from a story having got afloat that the *Marvel* was haunted, it would have been difficult to procure a trusty fellow to look after her; and even then he might run away, in case any rogue should personate a ghost to alarm him.

I was aware of the report gone abroad about the spirit of the mate, who hanged himself in a fit of phrensy, appearing to those who slept on board; but I was not in a humour to care about goblins, nor even Beelzebub himself; at least so I thought. I accordingly took possession of the ship, and established myself in the cabin, where I lived like a hermit, upon what I found in the store-room. I was, indeed, some such a recluse as the rat who retired into a hollow cheese, to avoid the temptations of the world, for I had wherewith, in a fluid as well as a solid shape, to content any lover of good things; but I should have been satisfied with a biscuit and a slice of bacon, had not these luxuries offered themselves to my hand.

For the first week of my residence in the *Marvel*, no signs of supernatural visitors were given, although I once or twice fancied I heard footsteps, or some-

thing like them, traversing betwixt decks; but then I was satisfied, that if any feet caused these sounds, they could not be the feet of ghosts, who walk not, but glide along without noise, and I always convinced myself that it was nothing real, by going towards the place wherever my fancy startled my ears. Besides, I always took such care to fasten down the hatches and the companion-door, that I was certain no one could get down below, without giving me sufficient notice of his intentions. The middle of the second week arrived, and found me laughing at the fears of others, and free from any of my own, when one night I was awakened by a strange sensation, as if of a cold hand laid upon my face; and as my consciousness increased, I was almost certain I felt it distinctly withdrawn. I fancied, too, that I heard a faint gliding sound rustle across the state-room, and die away beyond the bulk-head that formed the end of it, and I strained my eyes in that direction, through the intense darkness, to try if I could distinguish any object. My belief was that somebody had entered the ship, and laid his hand on my face, in search of plunder, not knowing that any one slept aboard; but on turning out and examining the door, I found it fastened on the inside, as I had left it; and on going out into the cabin, every thing was in its place, for I struck a light on purpose to be certain.

During the interval of a week, I was disturbed from my sleep three times in a similar manner, and always without further elucidation of the cause. Once I thought I heard a kind of tittering whisper uttered, as the cold hand was passed across my face, but I could distinguish no words, and I vainly endeavoured to grasp hold of any thing that might be near, by extending my arms round about my bed. I attempted to account for the annoyance, by supposing a mouse or a rat paid me a visit, for there were several holes by which they could enter, although there was nothing in the state-room to tempt their appetites. Still, there was something in the application of the touch, not like the patting of a rat's paws, for though the feet of those vermin are very cold, they are but small, and could not have conveyed the sensation of a broad heavy hand laid over my eyes, which was the feeling I experienced. Besides, I more than once perceived the withdrawing of the strange limb, and, from several little circumstances, I deduced that the whole arm was placed on my pillow, and suddenly snatched away. Without being superstitious, I naturally began to grow curious, as well as somewhat uneasy about

this nocturnal visitation, and I endeavoured to keep awake for two or three hours after retiring to bed, in hopes of gaining some clue to the mystery. I could not well doubt that it was something real, but I could ascribe no cause for its reality, and I was averse to suppose the hand of the suicide mate's ghost was pressed upon my face, especially as it was too heavy for a spirit to be lawfully possessed of. While I continued awake, I burned a light, which I extinguished when about to resign my senses to forgetfulness, for fear of accident; and I was never disturbed while I kept watch, although I maintained it long past the usual hour of the visit; but, as soon as I was asleep, which was immediately after I put out my candle, the cold chilly touch weighed for a moment on my eyelids, and glanced off when I awoke, followed by the same deadened rustling sound and the half-whispered titter.

At length, being resolved neither to give way to the insidious suggestions of superstition, which occasionally crept into my mind, nor to endure the repeated breaking of my rest, the only comfort I at that time enjoyed, I conceived several plans for the detection of the intruder, and the first I put in practice was this:—

In order to render myself watchful, I spent the whole of one afternoon in trying to sleep, and by means of darkening the cabin, I did sleep for several hours. At bed-time I placed a candle in a dark lantern, which I concealed by my bed-side, so that not one ray of light emanated from it; and I turned in, determined to lie awake all night. However, in spite of my resolution, I dropped into a doze a little before midnight, so strong is the force of habit, as well of the body as of the mind. I did not, however, sleep as soundly as if I had not reposed in the evening, and I was aroused by an indistinct sound, which came from some part of the ship, close to the cabin. Those who have sat up late, and slept in their chair, and awoke suddenly in the dead of the night, may have occasionally experienced a confused, depressed, half superstitious state of ideas, upon first breaking from their slumber, and finding themselves left in the dark by their expended lamp—cold, cheerless, and scarcely conscious of their exact situation. Such were my feelings upon being disturbed from my sleep, heightened by various attendant circumstances, such as the expected visit of a ghost, and the beating of the rising tide at the sides of the ship, which rocked and pitched slightly under the influence of a high wind. It was a cold November's night, and I had not yet

got warm in bed. I had refrained from taking my evening's glass of grog, that I might lie awake, and a thousand nameless uncomfortable feelings harassed me, without any specific distress, or pain, or assignable cause. In fact, to use a common phrase, I awoke in "the horrors," and the certainty of having heard an unaccountable sound near me did not dispel them. I resolved, however, neither to move nor to draw breath audibly, that I might run the better chance of entrapping the troublesome spirit, and indeed I felt a disposition to breathe short and lie still, which was very favourable to my purpose. In spite of one's reason, there is a tendency in the human mind to foster and encourage fancies of supernatural agency, and I perceived it in mine. I felt chilled throughout, and timid, though determined not to be so, and I was holding my teeth close, that they might not chatter, when suddenly the cold, damp, heavy touch of something like a naked arm was placed across my open eyes, which, upon my shrinking involuntarily, was as suddenly withdrawn. Summoning my courage, I shook off a tremor that seized my frame, and bolting upright in bed, laid hold of my dark lantern, and turned it so as to throw a blaze of light over the state-room; and you may judge of my terror when I beheld, not a ghost, nor a thief, but a tall, dark-coloured serpent standing nearly erect by my bed-side, with its eyes brightly gleaming from a head, frightful and appalling beyond description. Never in my life had I seen such a fearful object, for to the usual hideous and disgusting aspect of a snake, were added features peculiarly its own, and which almost led me to believe Satan himself was present before me, in the guise of this hateful reptile. The light of my lantern, increased in brightness by a polished steel reflector, fell in a glare upon the devilish apparition, and I discerned distinctly that its mouth was wide open, armed with large crooked fangs, and furnished with a long tongue, that vibrated menacingly beyond its jaws. Its head was rather small, but, on either side, its neck was swollen out to an immense size, inflated, as I imagined, with poison, which it was about to inject into my veins, when it should spring and seize hold of me; but what seemed more horrible than all its other deformities was, that in this bloated mass, which bolstered around its collar, were things which appeared like two wide eyes, in addition to the small ones in its head; and this sight almost convinced me that the monster could only be some diabolical spirit, for I knew that no animals but insects have more than a pair of

visual organs. In a state of mingled awe, doubt, and utter dismay, I remained holding my lantern, and staring at the dire countenance of the serpent, which all the while stood erect, weaving its body in the manner of a rope shaken at one end, while its tongue played around its lips, its eyes glittered, and its scales gleamed. I felt, or fancied that I felt, as if fascinated by its glance, and began to give myself up for lost; for I had heard of the power of fascination possessed by snakes, which deprives the victim of the energy to escape or defend itself. Besides, this creature, serpent, or devil, was not a small enemy of the kind, for it stood nearly four feet from the floor, which, as my bed was fixed down low, brought its head nearly level with my face; and my fear of moving, lest I should provoke it to dart upon me, held me in a state of stillness as complete as if I had been rivetted by the hateful influence of which I was so much afraid. Had it not been for an innate disbelief of the existence of goblins, I should probably have spoken to the dragon who kept me thus at bay, for it had all the characteristics of a demon, as far as the imagination could array an evil spirit in a visible form; but either scepticism or terror kept my tongue quiet, and, while neither of us seemed disposed to do otherwise than stare at each other, my candle, which was nearly burnt out, sunk into the socket, and the flame expired.

All my horrors before this moment were nothing to what seized me when I found myself exposed, in darkness, to the venomous fury of an unknown, though undoubtedly a dangerous serpent. A long hiss, which it uttered, and which I deemed preparatory to its springing at me, wound up my feelings to a pitch of desperation, and, having nothing else at hand, I dashed my dark lantern to the place where it had stood when the light was extinguished. Whether my missile struck the reptile or fiend I know not, but a horrible hissing filled the state-room, and a rattling and groping noise succeeded, and in a short time I heard my enemy behind the bulkhead, retreating swiftly, as its repeated sibilations indicated by their growing less audible.

Bathed in a cold sweat, and stiffened with fear as I was, I leaped out of bed as soon as I was assured that the devil was at some distance, and I ran stumbling upon deck as fast as I could, where I remained till day-light. I then called a boat and went ashore, to relate my adventure to the captain.

Captain Y—— heard my relation with great attention, and with a little indication of doubt, till it was nearly ended;

but when I came to describe the visage of the apparition, he fell into such a choking fit of laughter, that I fancied he would have expired in an agony of mirth. At length he became calmer, and, while he wiped tears of merriment from his eyes, he told me he believed my vision of Lucifer was nothing else than a large Cobra de Capello, which had belonged to the mate who killed himself aboard the ship. "The mate," added he, "was the last person who occupied the state-room, for, being disposed to be solitary, he volunteered to reside in the Marvel, as you have done. This serpent he bought of some jugglers in India, who used to exhibit several of the kind to the sailors, and it became his favourite pet, as he was always inclined to singularity of habits and likings. Its visits to you, I dare say, were only the continuance of a custom he had taught it of warming itself in his bed, when it was chilly; and had you received it kindly, instead of staring it out of countenance, you would have found it a very amusing companion."

"But," cried I, in astonishment, "the Cobra de Capello is a most poisonous serpent!"

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And, used to braker life, both man and wife
Begin, to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks to reading:

But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seven's stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley, ethical, or learned Porson,—
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But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
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stronger
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Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flag
gons;
When as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the
way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different
breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln levels
Of Durham feed!
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,
On neither side of Tweed,

Of Firth of Forth:

Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;

Or whether

Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frik,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble;
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the basket-maker's villa,

Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—

Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page.

Wherein the sage

Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse, who could?—two tales at
once:

And being huff'd

At what he knew was none of Riquet's tuft;

Bang'd-to the door,

But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—

The monster gave a roar,

And bolting off with speed, encreased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And like Macbeth, "took to the road again!"

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home
should be,

Was getting up some household herbs for supper;
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach;—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Turn'd out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing;

And looking round

Where rest was to be found,

There was no house, no villa there, no nothing!
No house!

The change was quite amazing;

It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated nose
Explained the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,

On which she meant to sup,—

"Well! this is Fairy Work! I'll bet a garden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

Whims and Oddities.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other
men's stuff."—Wotton.

CONGREVE happening to have some
snuff which Rowe took a fancy to, the

latter sent his box to his friend several
times to be replenished. Congreve at
last thinking him too importunate, gave
him a gentle reproof, by writing with a
pencil, on the lid of the snuff-box, the
two Greek letters, ϕ ! P (Phi ! Rho.)

SONG.

TRUE love is like the hardy flower,
That wildly blooms in mead or bower,
And opes its bosom to the day,
To drink the dews and sunny ray.

But like the sickly plant, whose birth
And perfumes own a foreign earth,
False love will fade when forced to bear
Misfortune's keen but wholesome air.

MR. OLIVER says, that in Holland an
English gentleman once shewed him a
cherry-stone with 124 heads carved on it,
and all so perfect, that the naked eye
might distinguish those of kings, popes,
cardinals, &c. by their crowns and mitres.
This great curiosity was bought in Prus-
sia for 300*l.*, and is said to be the work-
manship of a poor prisoner at Dantzic.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER is published with the
present sheet of the MIRROR. It completes the
Eighth Volume, and contains the Preface, In-
dex, and Title-page—an elegantly Engraved
Portrait on Steel of His Royal Highness the
Duke of York, with a Memoir.

The first number of the New Volume will be
published next Saturday, the 6th of January,
embellished with fine Engravings; when we
hope to receive an increase of subscribers to our
long list of friends and patrons.

Of our friend M. L. B.'s collection of tales,
we shall very shortly avail ourselves.

The drawing kindly promised by G. will be
acceptable.

Dr. McCulloch's work on the manners and
habits of the Highlanders, very much supercedes
the extracts furnished us by J. D. G.—r on the
same topics.

Reflections on Newgate are deemed ineligible
for insertion in our columns.

A packet shall be forwarded to *Baltie Nicol
Jarvis*, as desired; his promised account of the
church will be acceptable.

J. H.'s papers have neither originality nor
novelty to recommend them.

We are obliged to A. B. C. for his polite note,
and shall always be happy to hear from him.

We shall be glad to receive the conclusion of
the series of articles communicated by *Tim
Tobykin*.

The poem by *Alpheus* is well-meant, but is not
good enough for us.

Printed and Published by J. LINBIRD, 143,
Strand, (near Somerset-House,) and sold by all
Newsmen and Booksellers.